Our Gang

MAR.-APR. COMICS

10¢
No. 10

A DELL MAGAZINE
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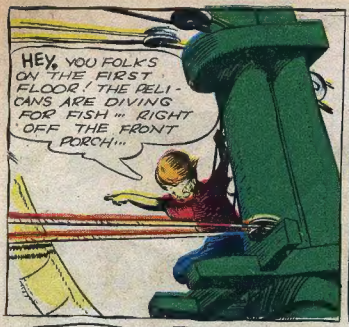
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
PRESENTS ...
Our Gang
BLOWN OUT TO SEA IN AN OLD SCHOONER STOCKED WITH ACTORS' EQUIPMENT, OUR GANG AND CADT. DEADLIGHT DAN FIND A DESERT ISLAND AND LEAVE IT, IN A HURRY...
NEVER FEAR, MATES, WE'LL BRING UP ALONGSIDE A FRESH GREEN LITTLE ISLE IN NO TIME...
CAN I GO ALOFT, CAPN AND KEEP A LOOKOUT?
LOOK AT OUR WAKE! WE'RE SURE MOVING...

GO AHEAD, LAD... BUT MIND YOUR FOOTING... WE CAN'T HAVE ANY INJURED MEN IN THE CREW!
OH BOY... THIS IS THE LIFE... WISH I'D BEEN AROUND WHEN THESE OL' SAILIN' SHIPS WERE USED...
KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR SOME FISHES, FROGGIE! I CAN FRY 'EM UP FOR OUR SUPPER!
HOW CAN HE SEE ANY FISH FROM UP THERE?
SEE THEM, DELICUMS?
YOU MEAN DELICANS! YEH... I CAN SEE 'EM! WHAT ABOUT 'EM? THEY'RE BIRDS, NOT FISH!
BUCKWHEAT MEANS THOSE BIRDS WILL FIND THE FISH FOR YOU... SINCE THE WIND IS DYING, WHY DON'T YOU TAKE THE DINGHY AND TRY YOUR LUCK?
GOLLY!
HOT DIME!


HEY, YOU FOLK'S ON THE FIRST FLOOR! THE PELICANS ARE DIVING FOR FISH ... RIGHT OFF THE FRONT PORCH...

COME ON, YOU FATTY LANDLUBBER! STIR YOUR STUMPS!

EFFEN YO DON'T STOP KETCHIN' CRABS WITH THAT OAR, HAPPY, WE ISN'T GONE KETCH ANY FISH ATALL...
AW, STOP SHOWIN' OFF YOUR SEAMANSHIP!
ANNIE

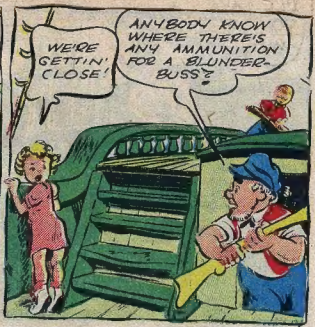
LOOK, HAPPY ~ THEY'S SOME FLYIN' FISHES THERE TOO... AN' SOMETHING'S MAKIN' 'EM RUN... MEBBE A SHARK!

WOW!
ONE IS COMIN' RIGHT AT ME!

YEOW! HE IS GOT ME! WOOO-OO... I HOPE HE DON'T BITE!
HOLD HIM! HOLD HIM!
I'LL FLATTEN HIM OUT...

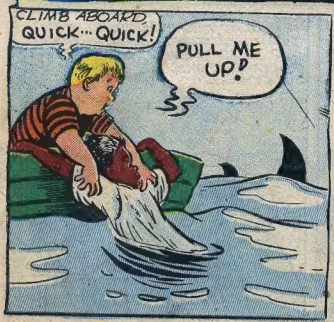
I'LL SAVE YOU, BUCKWHEAT!
OUCH! ONE IS GOT ME FROM DE REAR...
MISSED HIM...
YO DIDN'T MISS ANYTHING!
THE WATER'S FINE ANYWAYS!
STOP ENJOYING YOURSELF AND GET BACK HERE... SOMETHING IS CHASING THOSE FISH!
ANNE
BLOW ME DOWN! ONE O' THE LADS IS OVERBOARD! BLESS ME BUT THAT LOOKS LIKE A SHARK OVER THERE.
THANK GOODNESS! A BREEZE! ..WE CAN WORK NEARER!
GRAB THE OAR, BUCKWHEAT! HURRY! HURRY! HURRY!!
OH, MAN, I DON'T NEED NO ENCOURAGEMENT... PUFF... I IS IN FAVOR OF NOT BEING A SAMWICH FOR A SHARK!!

HURRY, LAD. TAKE THE TILLER... I'LL DIG OUT A GUN...

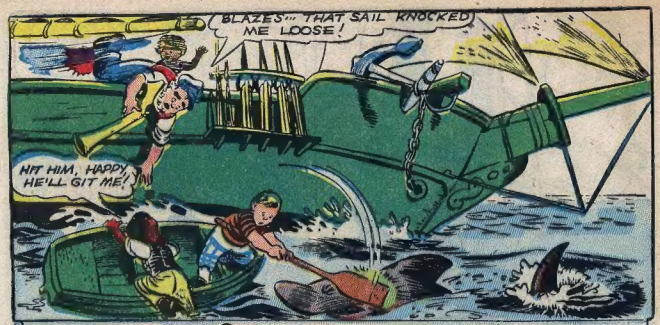

WE'RE GETTIN' CLOSE!
ANYBODY KNOW WHERE THERE'S ANY AMMUNITION FOR A BLUNDERBUSS?

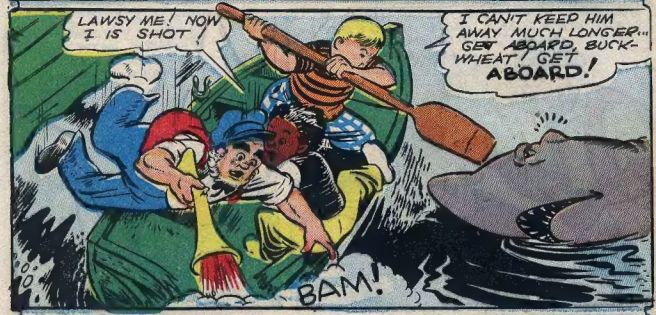
GOLLY... FLASH-LIGHT POWDER!
SURE... THIS IS WHAT WE USED IN THE PICTURE... I HAD TO FIRE IT!

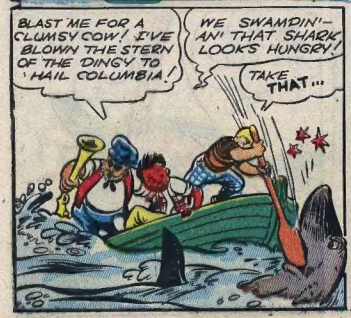
FIRST TIME I EVER TRIED TO SHOOT A SHARK WITH A LOAD OF FLASH LIGHT POWDER, NUTS, AND BOLTS!


CLIMB ABOARD QUICK... QUICK!
PULL ME UP!

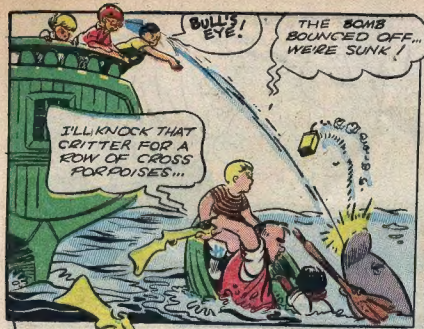
HEY, LOOK OUT FOR THE SAIL!
HAVE TO FIRE NOW... CAN'T WATCH FOR ANYTHING!


BLAZES... THAT SAIL KNOCKED ME LOOSE!
HIT HIM, HAPPY! HE'LL GIT ME!

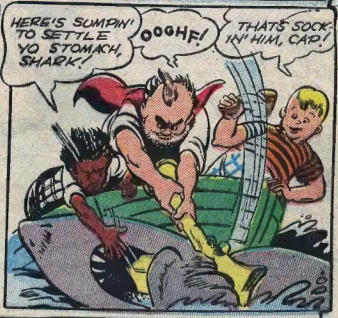

LAWSY ME! NOW I IS SHOT!
I CAN'T KEEP HIM AWAY MUCH LONGER... GET ABOARD, BUCKWHEAT! GET ABOARD!
BAM!

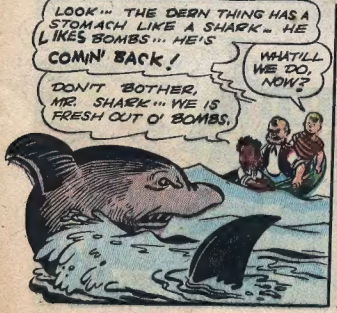

BLAST ME FOR A CLUMSY COW! I'VE BLOWN THE STERN OF THE DINGY TO HAIL COLUMBIA!
WE SWAMPIN'— AN' THAT SHARK LOOKS HUNGRY!
TAKE THAT...

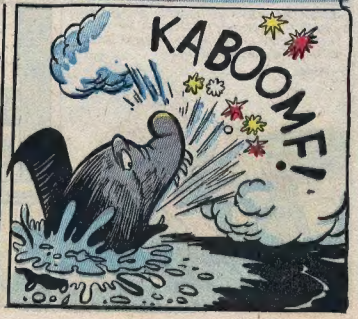
FIX THE FUSE AN' LIGHT IT... I CAN HIT THAT SHARK WITH OUR FLASH LIGHT POWDER BOMB, FROGGIE...

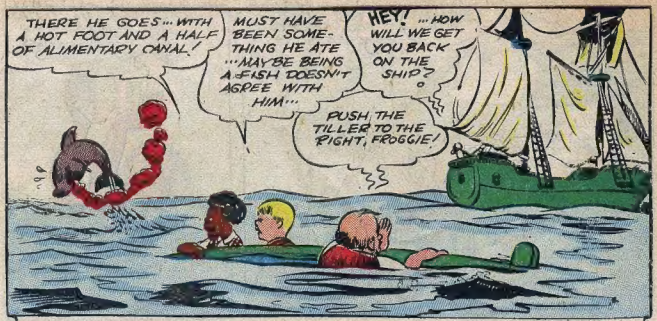

BULL'S EYE!
THE BOMB BOUNCED OFF... WE'RE SUNK!
I'LL KNOCK THAT CRITTER FOR A ROW OF CROSS PORPOISES...

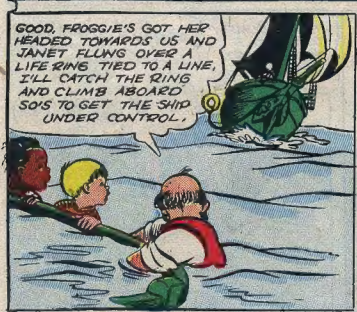
FLASH POWDER

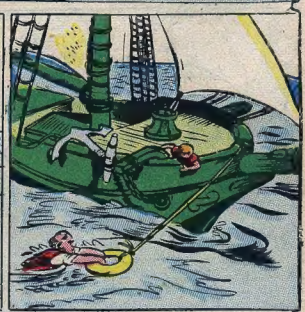

HERE'S SUMPIN' TO SETTLE YO STOMACH, SHARK!
OOGHF!
THAT'S SOCKIN' HIM, CAP!


LOOK... THE DERN THING HAS A STOMACH LIKE A SHARK... HE LIKES BOMBS... HE'S COMIN' BACK!
WHAT'LL WE DO, NOW?
DON'T BOTHER, MR. SHARK... WE IS FRESH OUT O' BOMBS.

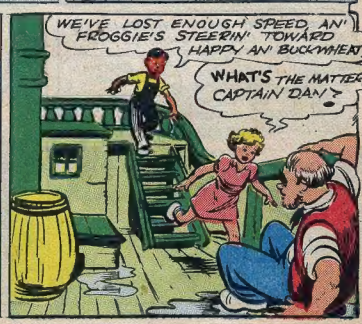

KABOOM!


THERE HE GOES... WITH A HOT FOOT AND A HALF OF ALIMENTARY CANAL!
MUST HAVE BEEN SOMETHING HE ATE ...MAYBE BEING A FISH DOESN'T AGREE WITH HIM...
HEY! ...HOW WILL WE GET YOU BACK ON THE SHIP?
PUSH THE TILLER TO THE RIGHT, FROGGIE!

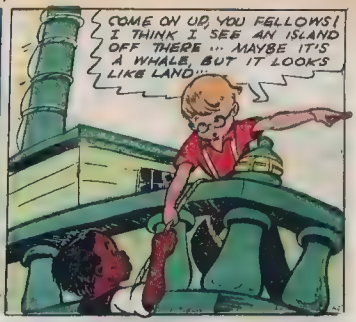

GOOD, FROGGIE'S GOT HER HEADED TOWARDS US AND JANET FLUNG OVER A LIFE RING TIED TO A LINE, I'LL CATCH THE RING AND CLIMB ABOARD SO'S TO GET THE SHIP UNDER CONTROL.

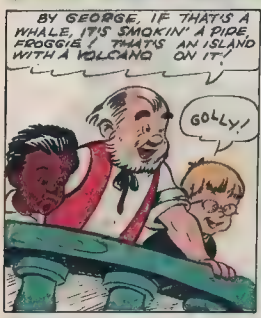


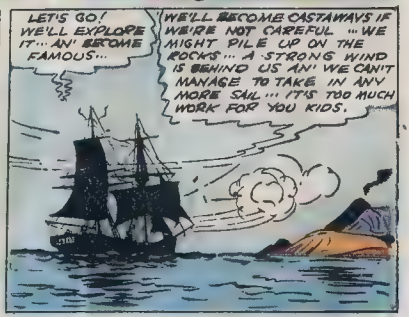
STEADY AS SHE GOES, FROGGIE, JANET, MICKEY! REEF IN THE FOR'ARD JIBS AND THEN SLACK OFF THE MAINSAIL...

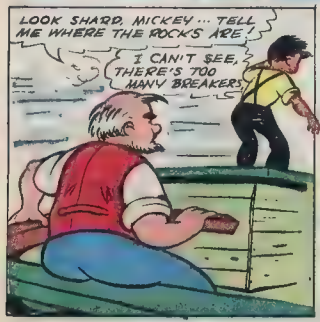

WE'VE LOST ENOUGH SPEED, AN' FROGGIE'S STEERIN' TOWARD HAPPY AN' BUCKWHEAT!
WHAT'S THE MATTER, CAPTAIN DAN?

NOTHING SERIOUS, JANET ... AN OLD DUFFER ISN'T USED TO PLAYIN' WATER POLO WITH A SHARK ...

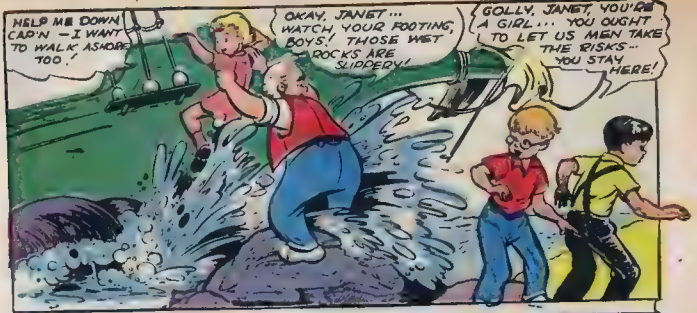

COME ON UP, YOU FELLOWS! I THINK I SEE AN ISLAND OFF THERE ... MAYBE IT'S A WHALE, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE LAND ...


BY GEORGE, IF THAT'S A WHALE, IT'S SMOKIN' A PIPE, FROGGIE! THAT'S AN ISLAND WITH A VOLCANO ON IT!
GOLLY!

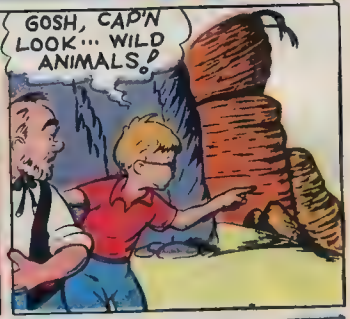

LET'S GO! WE'LL EXPLORE IT ... AN' BECOME FAMOUS ...
WE'LL BECOME CASTAWAYS IF WE'RE NOT CAREFUL ... WE MIGHT PILE UP ON THE ROCKS ... A STRONG WIND IS BEHIND US AN' WE CAN'T MANAGE TO TAKE IN ANY MORE SAIL ... IT'S TOO MUCH WORK FOR YOU KIDS.


LOOK SHARP, MICKEY ... TELL ME WHERE THE ROCKS ARE!
I CAN'T SEE, THERE'S TOO MANY BREAKERS!

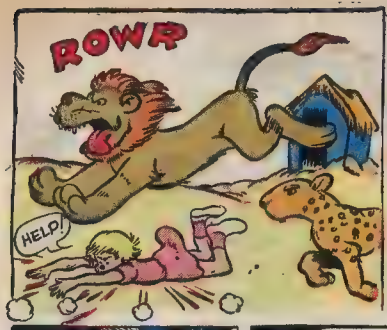
GREAT GUNS ... WE'VE STRUCK! ... WE'RE AGROUND, MATES! HOLD FAST OR YOU'LL BE THROWN OVERBOARD!

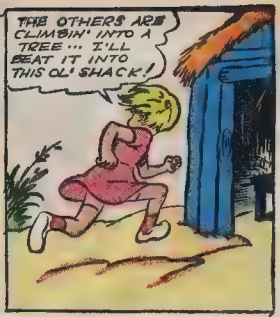

HELP ME DOWN CAP'N — I WANT TO WALK ASHORE TOO!
OKAY, JANET... WATCH YOUR FOOTING, BOYS! THOSE WET ROCKS ARE SLIPPERY!
GOLLY, JANET, YOU'RE A GIRL... YOU OUGHT TO LET US MEN TAKE THE RISKS... YOU STAY HERE!

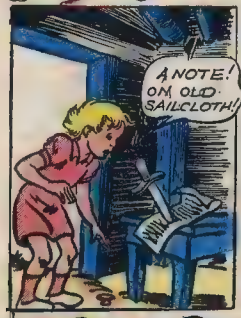
NOSSIR! I'M ABLE TO DO ANYTHING YOU ARE...
OKAY THEN - WE'LL PROTECT YOU - WE'RE TOUGHER 'N YOU ARE


GOSH, CAP'N LOOK... WILD ANIMALS!

RUN, KIDS... RUN AND GET INTO A TREE...
GANGWAY!
C'MON, CAP'N!
YEOW!


ROWR
HELP!

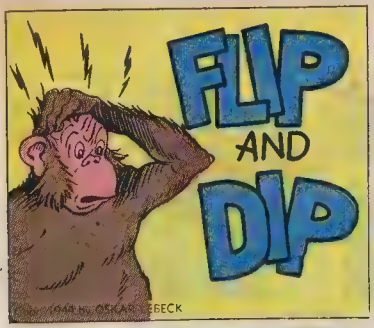

THE OTHERS ARE CLIMBIN' INTO A TREE ... I'LL BEAT IT INTO THIS OL' SHACK!


A NOTE! ON OLD SAILCLOTH!

To who it concerns:
The most left by Jon the Dreder I was shipwreck here and had to have transed animals I was carrying in the "Lucy Bells" left in ... hut ... will return. animals are harm less. Treat them good, and I will reward you when I call back in a whenever.
Jon
I'LL SHOW THOSE FELLOWS CALLIN' ME A WEAKLING. I'LL PUT 'EM TO RIGHTS!

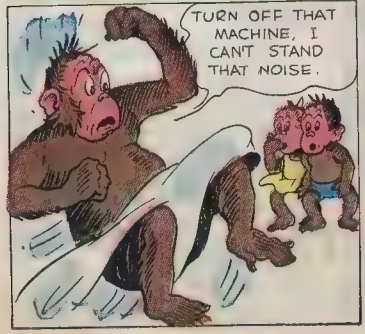
GREAT SCOTT, JANET! ARE YOU CRAZY? AREN'T YOU SCARED?
SCARED OF WHAT? I LOVE ANIMALS ... COME ON DOWN ... I'LL PROTECT YOU IF YOU AREN'T TOUGH ENOUGH!

OUR GANG appearing in M-G-M pictures


FLIP
AND
DIP

LET'S PLAY ALL THE RECORDS.
GOOD-GOOD!

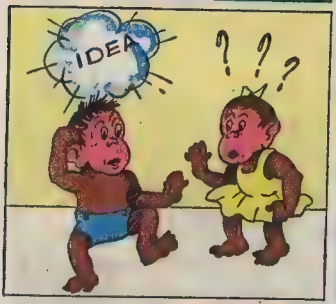
MUSIC BRINGS HAPPINESS.

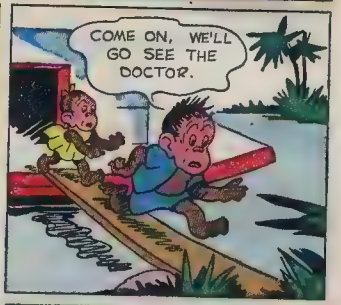

TURN OFF THAT MACHINE, I CAN'T STAND THAT NOISE.

POP WAS SORE I GUESS WE DIDN'T PLAY THE RIGHT RECORDS.
HE WON'T MIND OUR BUILDING

WILL THOSE KIDS EVER LEARN TO BEHAVE!

ALL RIGHT, POP, WE'LL BE QUIET, NOW. TAKE A REST.


IDEA
? ? ?


COME ON, WE'LL GO SEE THE DOCTOR.

DOCTOR! DOCTOR! WE WANT SOME PILLS TO MAKE POP SLEEP.

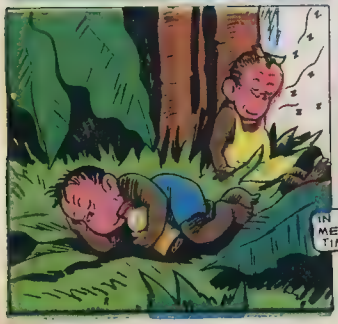
THERE, CHILDREN, NOW RUN ALONG AND TELL POP TO FOLLOW DIRECTIONS.

GEE, THEY'RE GOOD. AND LOTS OF SUGAR ON THEM TOO—
COME ON, LET ME TASTE ONE.

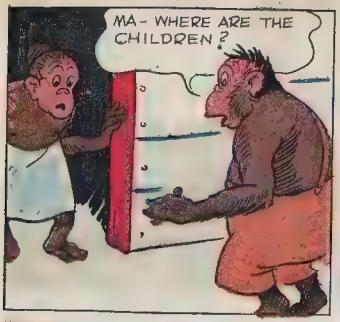
LET'S EAT THEM ALL UP AND PUT THE FROGS IN THE BOTTLE TO FOOL POP!
WON'T THAT BE FUN WHEN POP OPENS IT...

WAIT UNTIL I TAKE MY COAT OFF.
COME ON-HURRY BEFORE THEY GET AWAY.

HURRY NOW- OPEN THE BOTTLE, HERE'S THE OTHER ONE.
IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU CAUGHT HIM. I'M GETTING A LITTLE SLEEPY.

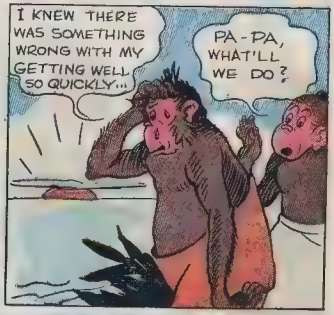

IN THE MEAN-TIME.

I FEEL A WHOLE LOT BETTER- I GUESS I'LL TAKE A LITTLE WALK.


MA - WHERE ARE THE CHILDREN ?

WHERE CAN THOSE KIDS BE - THEY'RE UP TO SOMETHING !

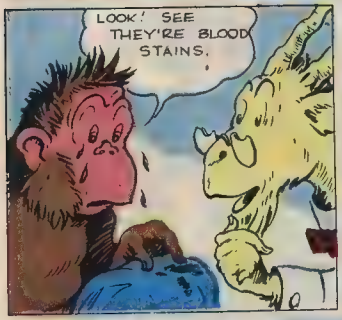
HI, CHILDREN!


I KNEW THERE WAS SOMETHING WRONG WITH MY GETTING WELL SO QUICKLY...
PA - PA, WHAT'LL WE DO ?

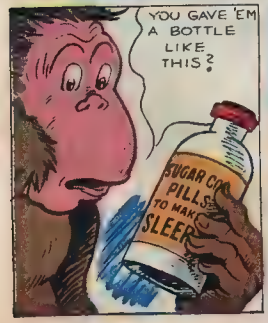
HELP!
HELP!
HELP!

LOOK - LOOK, ONE OF THE CHILDREN'S COATS.

O-O-O-O-OH! LOOK, DOC- THEY'VE BEEN MURDERED!

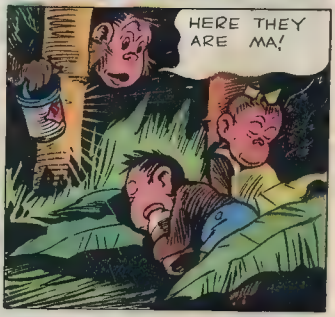

LOOK! SEE THEY'RE BLOOD STAINS.

NO-NO - THAT'S THE JUICE FROM THE BERRY PILL I GAVE THEM TO MAKE YOU SLEEP.


YOU GAVE 'EM A BOTTLE LIKE THIS?
SUGAR CO
PILLS
TO MAK
SLEEP

BUT THEY'LL BE ALL RIGHT. NOTHING TO HURT THEM. PROBABLY TAKING A LITTLE NAP
OL DOC BUTTR

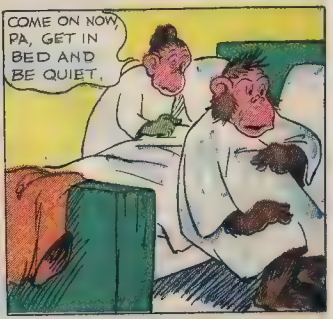
CLOSER WITH THE LAMP, MA - I THINK I SEE SOME TRACKS.

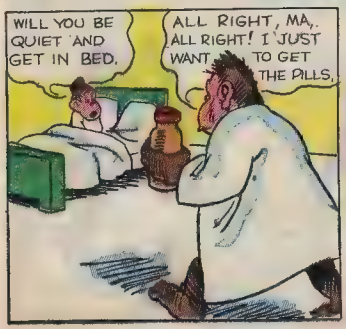

HERE THEY ARE MA!

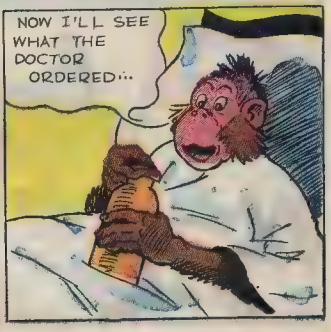
COME ON, PA -
SH - SH · SH!

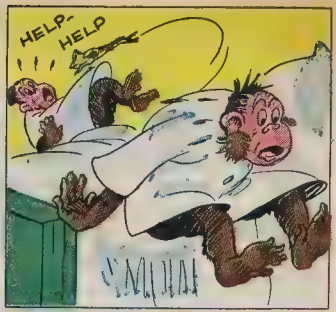
BLESS THEIR LITTLE HEARTS.
I'LL FORGIVE THEM - THEY DID A GOOD DEED IN GETTING THE PILLS FOR ME. NOW I'LL GET A REST.

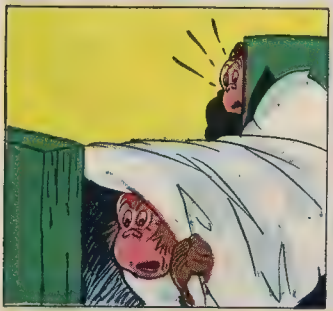
TAKE YOUR TIME, PA - AND NO NOISE.

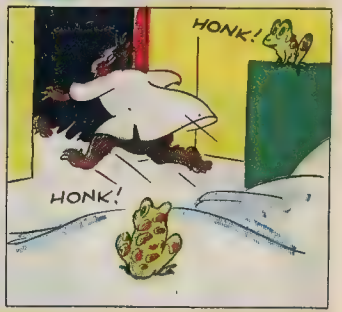

COME ON NOW, PA, GET IN BED AND BE QUIET.

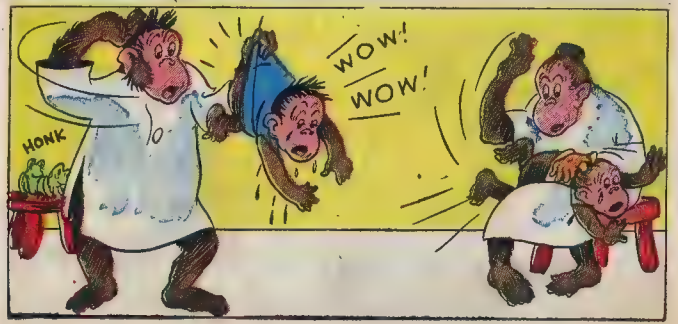

WILL YOU BE QUIET AND GET IN BED.
ALL RIGHT, MA, ALL RIGHT! I JUST WANT TO GET THE PILLS.

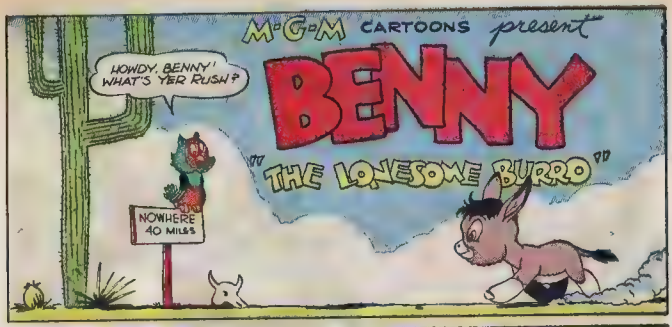

NOW I'LL SEE WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED...

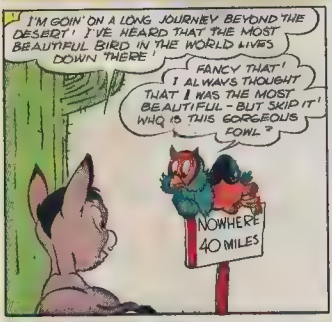

HELP-
HELP

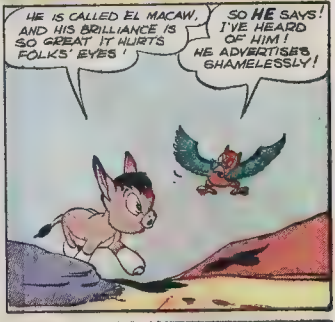


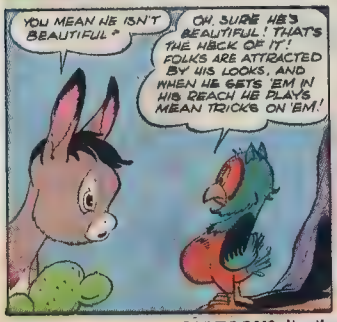

HONK!
HONK!

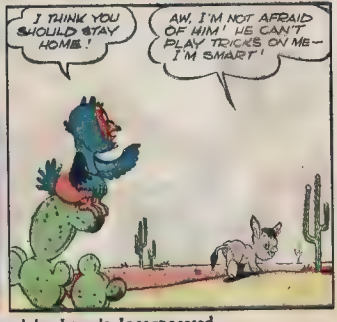

HONK
WOW!
WOW!











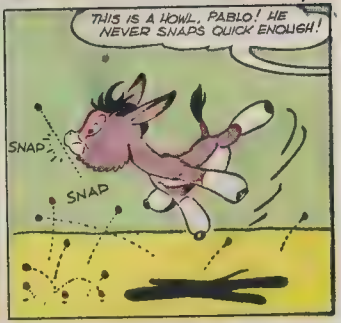
M·G·M CARTOONS distributed by Loew's Incorporated

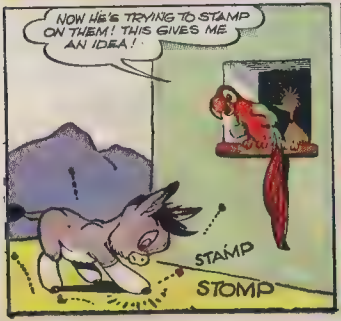
ALL DAY BENNY PLODS ACROSS HOT DESERTS AND MOUNTAINS, AND WHEN HE COMES AT LAST TO THE REGION OF EL MACAW HE IS TOO HUNGRY TO CARE ABOUT BEAUTIFUL BIRDS!
I'LL SEARCH FOR GRASS ALONG THE TRAIL - I'M STARVED!
LOOK, PABLO! A TRAVELER PLODS HITHER! COME TO GAPE AT MY BEAUTY NO DOUBT!
'TIS ONLY A DUMB BURRO, SEÑOR MACAW! SHALL I THROW SAND IN HIS EYES?
NO INDEED! LET HIM GAPE! I NEED THE ADMIRATION OF THESE HICKS - IT MAKES ME FEEL GOOD! LATER WE'LL HAVE SPORT WITH THE DOLT!
HE SEES US! HE'S COMIN' THIS WAY!
GOOD WHAT POSE SHALL I WOW HIM! WITH? NEVER MIND - I KNOW - NUMBER 36, 'THE GREAT PROFILE'!
CAN YOU GENTS TELL ME WHERE I CAN FIND SOME FOOD? I'M STARVIN'!
THE LOWDOWN BEAST DIDN'T GIVE ME A GLANCE! HE SHALL REGRET THIS SLIGHT TO MY GREATNESS!

OUR VISITOR NEEDS FOOD! SHALL I GIVE HIM SOME OF THE PEONS' BREAKFAST CRUNCHIE-WUNCHIES?
DON'T BE A DOPE! GO IN THAT HOUSE AND GET THE BASKET WHICH IS BEHIND THE STOVE!

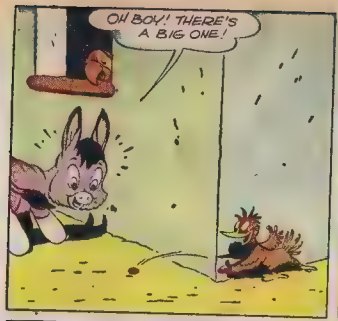
MY LONG-EARED FRIEND, YOU ARE GOING TO SIT DOWN TO A NICE TUMMYFUL OF DEE-EE-LICIOUS BEANS!

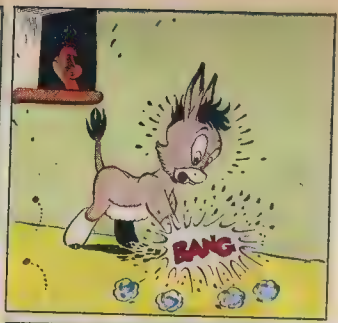
IF YOU CAN CATCH THEM! HEH! HEH!
JUMPING BEANS!


THIS IS A HOWL, PABLO! HE NEVER SNAPS QUICK ENOUGH!
SNAP
SNAP

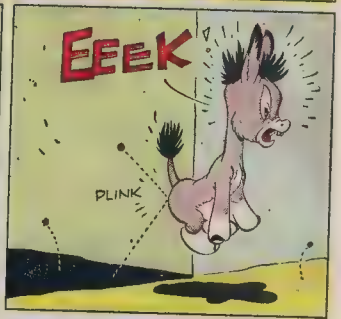

NOW HE'S TRYING TO STAMP ON THEM! THIS GIVES ME AN IDEA!
STAMP
STOMP

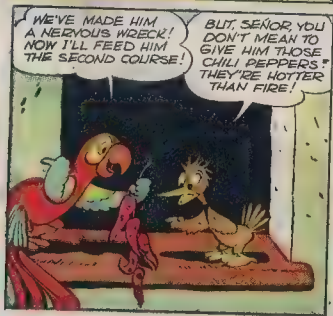
TAKE ONE OF THOSE 'TORPEDOS' AND PUT IT WHERE HE'LL STAMP ON IT!
FIREWORKS

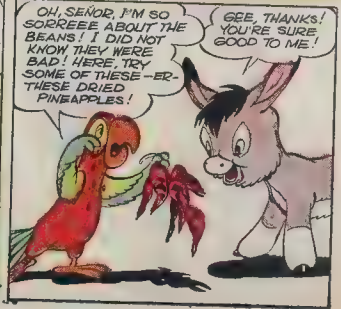

OH BOY! THERE'S A BIG ONE!

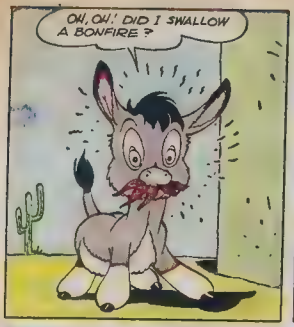

BANG

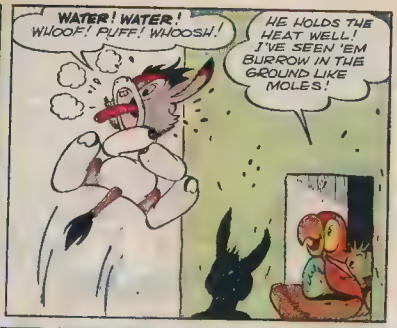
WH-WHAT WAS THAT?


EEEK
PLINK

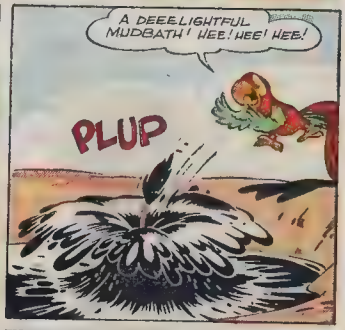

WE'VE MADE HIM A NERVOUS WRECK! NOW I'LL FEED HIM THE SECOND COURSE!
BUT, SEÑOR, YOU DON'T MEAN TO GIVE HIM THOSE CHILI PEPPERS! THEY'RE HOTTER THAN FIRE!


OH, SEÑOR, I'M SO SORREEE ABOUT THE BEANS! I DID NOT KNOW THEY WERE BAD! HERE, TRY SOME OF THESE—ER—THESE DRIED PINEAPPLES!
GEE, THANKS! YOU'RE SURE GOOD TO ME!

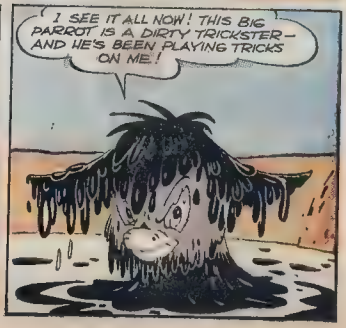

OH, OH! DID I SWALLOW A BONFIRE?

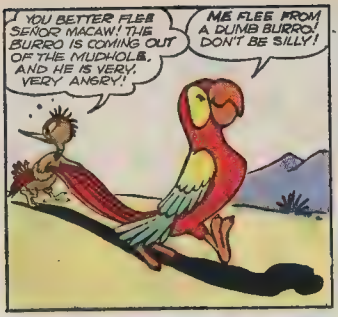

WATER! WATER! WHOOF! PUFF! WHOOSH!
HE HOLDS THE HEAT WELL! I'VE SEEN 'EM BURROW IN THE GROUND LIKE MOLES!

COME, MY FRIEND, I KNOW JUST WHAT YOU NEED TO COOL YOU OFF!

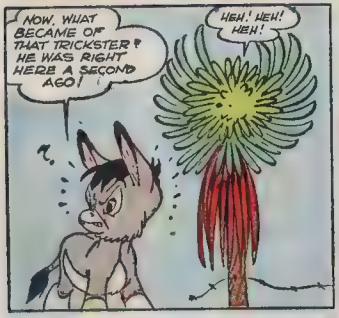

A DEEELIGHTFUL MUDBATH! HEE! HEE! HEE!
PLUP

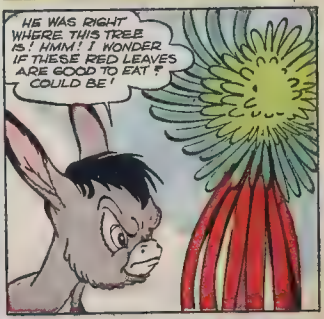
HAW! HAW! WOW! I HAVEN'T HAD SO MUCH FUN SINCE I THREW THE PEON'S CANARIES IN THAT MUDHOLE! REMEMBER? ALL THEIR FEATHERS CAME OFF!

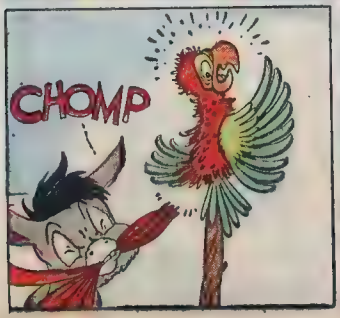

I SEE IT ALL NOW! THIS BIG PARROT IS A DIRTY TRICKSTER— AND HE'S BEEN PLAYING TRICKS ON ME!


YOU BETTER FLEE SEÑOR MACAW! THE BURRO IS COMING OUT OF THE MUDHOLE, AND HE IS VERY, VERY ANGRY!
ME FLEE FROM A DUMB BURRO! DON'T BE SILLY!

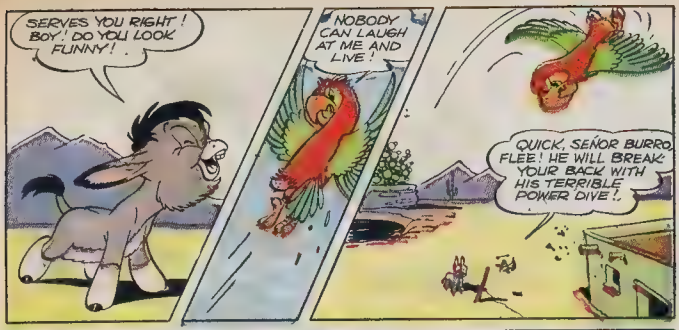
I'LL HIDE RIGHT BEFORE HIS EYES! THIS TRICK OF CAMOUFLAGE MAKES ME LOOK JUST LIKE A TREE!
GOSH!

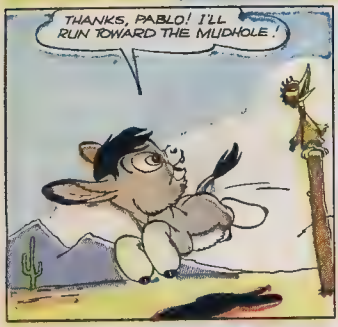

NOW, WHAT BECAME OF THAT TRICKSTER? HE WAS RIGHT HERE A SECOND AGO!
HEH! HEH! HEH!

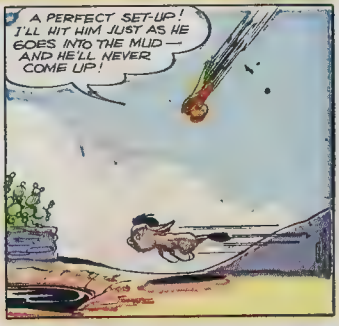

HE WAS RIGHT WHERE THIS TREE IS! HMM! I WONDER IF THESE RED LEAVES ARE GOOD TO EAT? COULD BE!

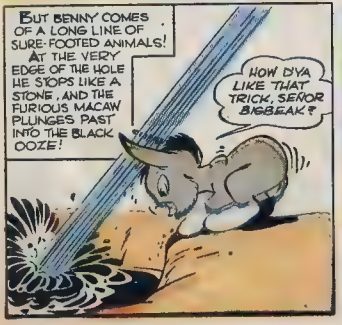

CHOMP

MY TAIL! MY BEAUTIFUL TAIL! OH! OH! OH! OH! OH!

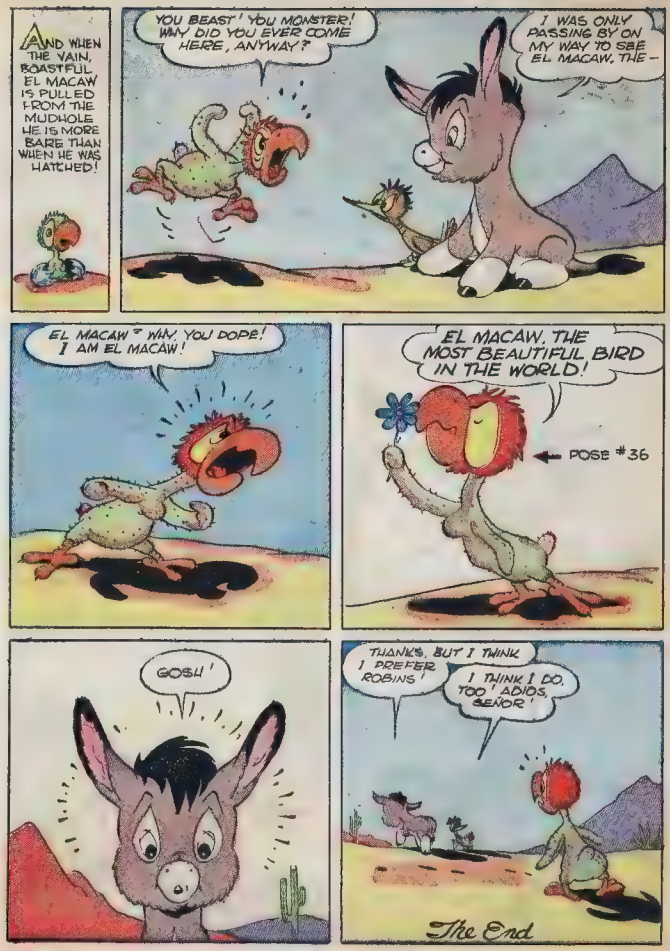

SERVES YOU RIGHT! BOY! DO YOU LOOK FUNNY!
NOBODY CAN LAUGH AT ME AND LIVE!
QUICK, SEÑOR BURRO, FLEE! HE WILL BREAK YOUR BACK WITH HIS TERRIBLE POWER DIVE!

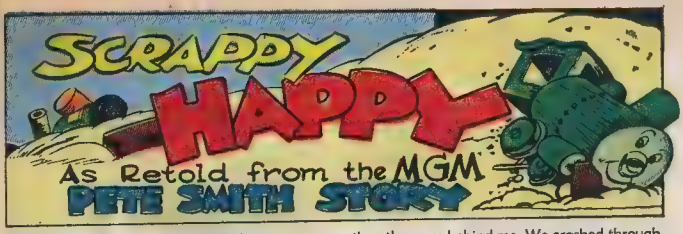

THANKS, PABLO! I'LL RUN TOWARD THE MUDHOLE!


A PERFECT SET-UP! I'LL HIT HIM JUST AS HE GOES INTO THE MUD — AND HE'LL NEVER COME UP!


BUT BENNY COMES OF A LONG LINE OF SURE-FOOTED ANIMALS! AT THE VERY EDGE OF THE HOLE HE STOPS LIKE A STONE, AND THE FURIOUS MACAW PLUNGES PAST INTO THE BLACK OOZE!
HOW DYA LIKE THAT TRICK, SEÑOR BIGBEAK?

DIOS! SEÑOR, YOU ARE IN THE TERRIBLE MUD THAT STICKS LIKE GLUE! YOU WILL LOSE ALL YOUR BEAUTIFUL FEATHERS!


AND WHEN THE VAIN, BOASTFUL EL MACAW IS PULLED FROM THE MUDHOLE HE IS MORE BARE THAN WHEN HE WAS HATCHED!
YOU BEAST! YOU MONSTER! WHY DID YOU EVER COME HERE, ANYWAY?
I WAS ONLY PASSING BY ON MY WAY TO SEE EL MACAW, THE –
EL MACAW? WHY, YOU DOPE! I AM EL MACAW!
EL MACAW, THE MOST BEAUTIFUL BIRD IN THE WORLD!
POSE #36
GOSH!
THANKS, BUT I THINK I PREFER ROBINS!
I THINK I DO, TOO! ADIOS, SEÑOR!
The End



I am an electric engine, a toy locomotive Once I was bright and shiny, sleek and streamlined Now I am battered and broken and I can never run again

Yesterday Tommy threw me on this scrap pile "There's enough metal in you to make a carburetor for a jeep," he said

So here I am, waiting to be carted away to be made into something to help win the war!

Tommy is my old owner, little Tommy Jones I'll never forget how bright his eyes were and how he shouted with joy when he first saw me My tracks made a gleaming oval on the floor of his playroom and he pushed all his other toys aside to play with me

I was very proud in those days Proud of my glossy paint and bright headlights Proud of my strength I could easily pull six coaches and freight cars round and round the curving tracks

Tommy and I were very happy together until his father decided to play with us Tommy's father's name is Casey Jones, and he thought he was a smart railroad engineer, like the other famous Casey.

At first Casey was careful with me Then the urge for speed, and still more speed, gripped him He pressed the button and sent me hurtling faster and faster on the tracks.

Tommy begged him to be more careful. "You'll wreck the train, Dad," he warned anxiously

But Casey only laughed harder and waved one hand toward the worried boy Casey knew all about trains, large and small, so he said.

Then it happened! My wheels slipped off the track and I sailed through the air, pulling the other cars behind me. We crashed through Tommy's drum and smashed headlong into the wall.

Tommy and Casey rushed to me and Casey picked me up. He wasn't laughing now and Tommy was biting back the tears. I knew how he felt, because I could imagine how I looked, with my front bashed in and my beautiful, shiny paint scratched and nicked.

"I'll fix it," Casey promised and I guess he felt sorry for the damage he had done.

But, instead of fixing me, he only made me worse. He hammered me so hard, trying to straighten me out, that he bent me out of shape. I knew, from the way my insides felt, that I would never run again.

And I never did. When Casey finally gave me back to Tommy and Tommy set me on the track, I couldn't budge an inch. I tried my best to move, but nothing clicked inside me.

At last Tommy gave up hope of trying to fix me.

"I'll take you where you'll do some good," he decided finally.

So he put me on this scrap pile.

A scrap pile is a funny place. Everyone here has a story.

For instance, lying near me is a box of keys. We've had some nice talks while we've been waiting.

The keys belonged to an absent-minded professor, Professor Winesap. He kept them in their box in a drawer in his desk and the Professor, himself, had no idea to what locks they belonged.

One morning the Professor entered his office in his usual absent-minded manner. He re-

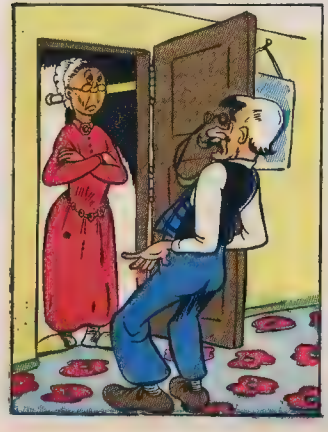
remembered vaguely that he had to write an important lecture for that night. Also he remembered that he had written the notes for the lecture. But where had he put those notes? Why, in the top drawer of his desk, of course. But where was the key to the top drawer? It must be in the box of keys, where else?

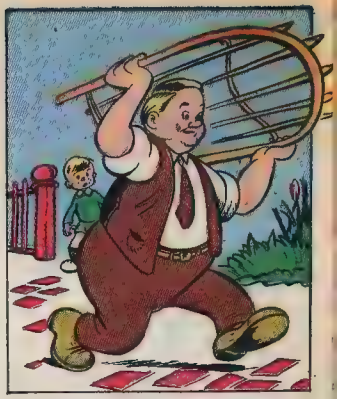
So he pulled out the box and tried a key in the lock of the top drawer. It wasn't the right one. He tried another. The wrong one again. He tried another and another and another, until he had tried the whole boxful without finding the right one.

If the key wasn't in the box, it must be in his coat pocket. And where was the coat? Hanging in the closet, like all good coats, of course. He marched to the closet, turned the key, which was in the lock, and opened the door. A sad-faced woman was standing there, her hands folded patiently. His wife! Oh, yes! The day before he had locked her in the closet and taken his coat to lunch. Oh, well! He closed the door and locked it and left his wife inside.

Then he began a search of the room. Book shelves. Tables. The old-fashioned secretary in the corner. Maybe the key was in a pigeon hole of the desk section of the secretary. He opened the door. Six live pigeons blinked at him. For once, the Professor had done something right. He had put pigeons in the pigeon holes! But no keys!

In a fit of sudden anger, the Professor banged his fist briskly on his desk. The top drawer flew open. It hadn't been locked at all.





But there were no lecture notes inside. The Professor frowned. Then he smiled. How stupid of him. He suddenly remembered that he had given the lecture the night before.

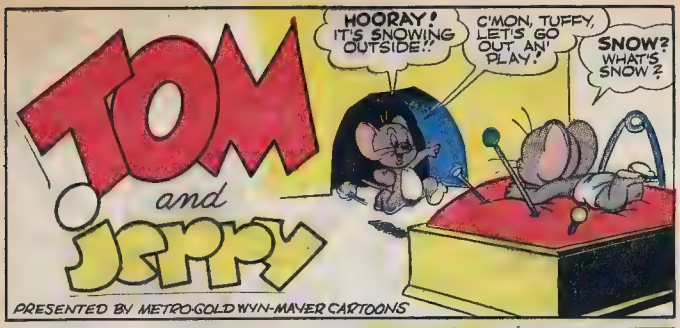
And, while he was in that remembering mood, he thought of the scrap drive. So he took his box of keys down to the pile and here they are.

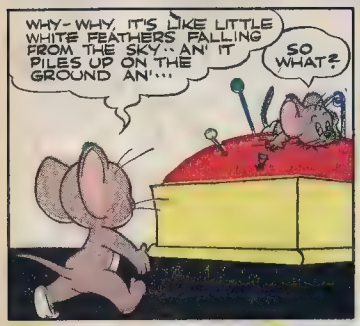
One of my newest new friends is an old metal gate and fence that once belonged to a man named Fabian. Fabian always forgot to oil the gate and it squeaked with an ear-splitting cree-eeak when it was moved. It was really a disgrace, that rusty, ancient gate, but Fabian was too lazy to repair it.

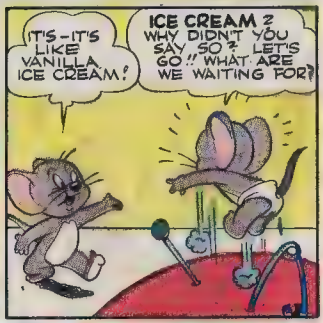
Now in Fabian's neighborhood there lived a very bad boy. This boy liked nothing better than to push Fabian's rusty, squeaking gate back and forth, back and forth. Especially on Sunday mornings, when Fabian was trying to sleep.

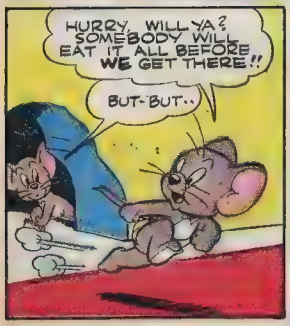
Finally, Fabian could stand the noise no longer. He decided to fix the gate. But it was too late. The gate and the fence were beyond fixing. So Fabian tore them down and hauled them to the scrap drive. Now they'll be of some real use and Fabian has put a nice-looking hedge in their place. All the neighbors are pleased, except the bad boy whose gate-squeaking days are over.

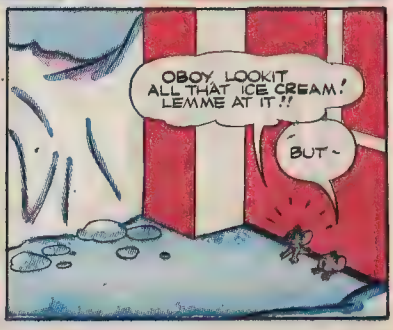
We're a strange and merry crew here on the scrap pile. When I get lonesome for Tommy Jones and my proud days, I think about the part I'm going to play, helping our soldiers win the war. Then I feel proud and happy again!

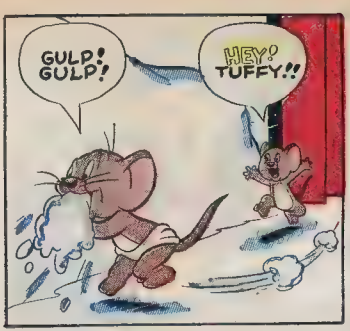

TOM and JERRY
HOORAY! IT'S SNOWING OUTSIDE!!
C'MON, TUFFY, LET'S GO OUT AN' PLAY!
SNOW? WHAT'S SNOW?
PRESENTED BY METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER CARTOONS

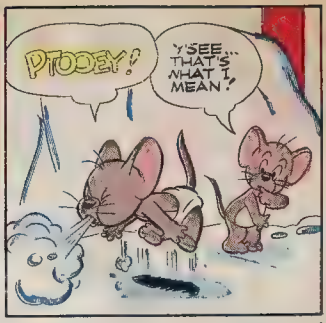

WHY-WHY, IT'S LIKE LITTLE WHITE FEATHERS FALLING FROM THE SKY.. AN' IT PILES UP ON THE GROUND AN'...
SO WHAT?

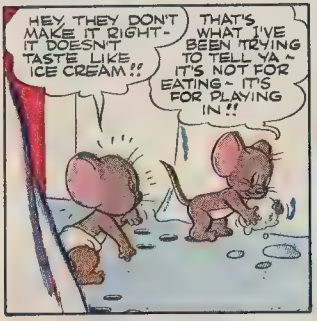

IT'S-IT'S LIKE VANILLA ICE CREAM!
ICE CREAM? WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO? LET'S GO!! WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?


HURRY, WILL YA? SOMEBODY WILL EAT IT ALL BEFORE WE GET THERE!!
BUT-BUT..

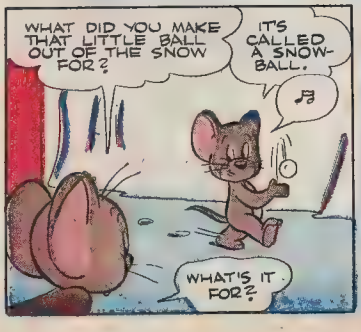

OBOY LOOKIT ALL THAT ICE CREAM! LEMME AT IT!!
BUT-


GULP! GULP!
HEY! TUFFY!!

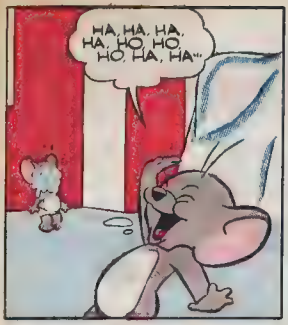

PTOOEY!
Y'SEE... THAT'S WHAT I MEAN!

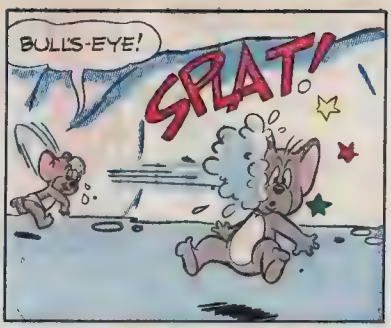

HEY THEY DON'T MAKE IT RIGHT- IT DOESN'T TASTE LIKE ICE CREAM!!
THAT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN TRYING TO TELL YA - IT'S NOT FOR EATING - IT'S FOR PLAYING IN!!

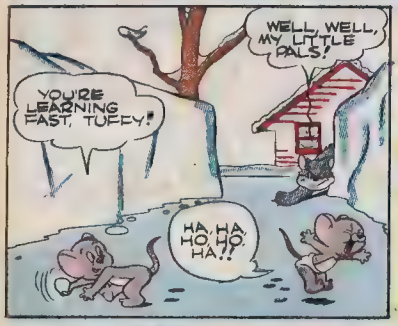
AW, HECK! WHY DON'T THEY GIVE THE MAN THAT MAKES IT THE RIGHT RECIPE FOR ICE CREAM? ... WHAT CAN YOU DO WITH THIS STUFF?
I'LL SHOW YOU!


WHAT DID YOU MAKE THAT LITTLE BALL OUT OF THE SNOW FOR?
IT'S CALLED A SNOW-BALL.
♪♫
WHAT'S IT FOR?

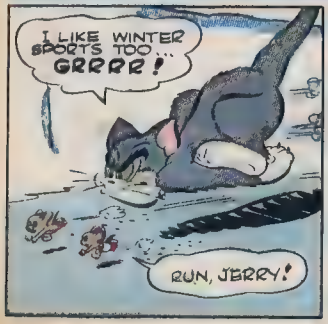
WAP!
THIS!
ZIP!

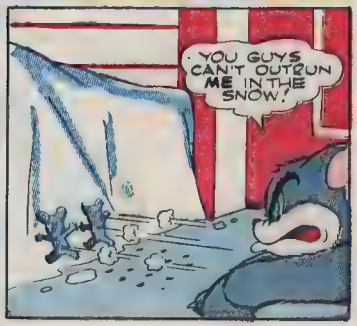

HA, HA, HA, HA, HO, HO, HO, HA, HA...

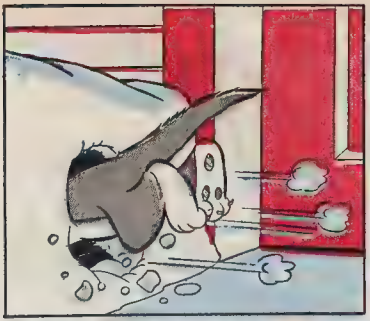

BULL'S-EYE!
SPLAT!

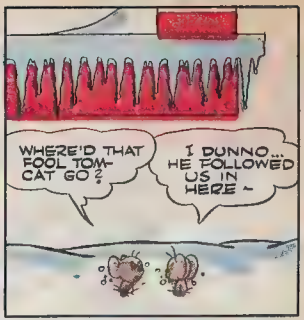

WELL, WELL, MY LITTLE PALS!
YOU'RE LEARNING FAST, TUFFY!
HA, HA, HO, HO, HA!!

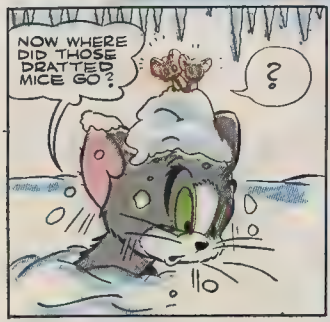
SMAK!


I LIKE WINTER SPORTS TOO... GRRRR!
RUN, JERRY!

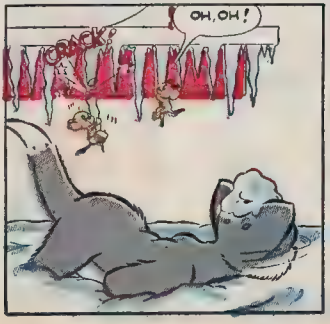

YOU GUYS CAN'T OUTRUN ME IN THE SNOW!

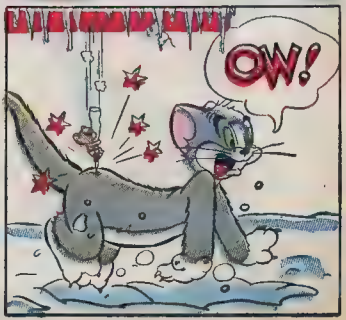


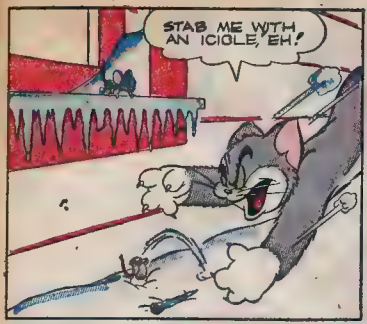

WHERE'D THAT FOOL TOM-CAT GO?
I DUNNO... HE FOLLOWED US IN HERE ~

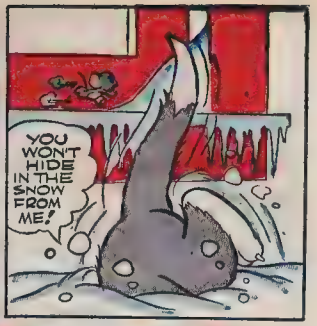

NOW WHERE DID THOSE DRATTED MICE GO?
?

PSSST HANG ON TO THESE ICICLES, JERRY!
COMING!


CRACK!
OH, OH!


OW!

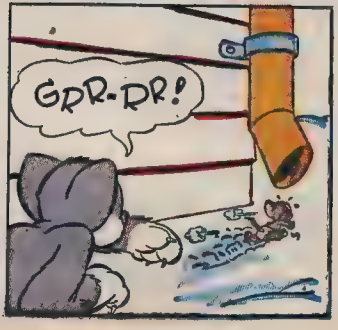

STAB ME WITH AN ICICLE, EH!

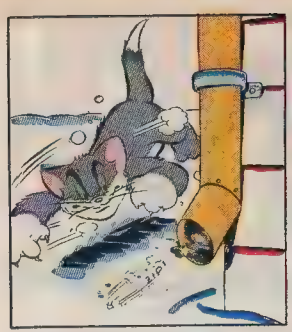

YOU WON'T HIDE IN THE SNOW FROM ME!

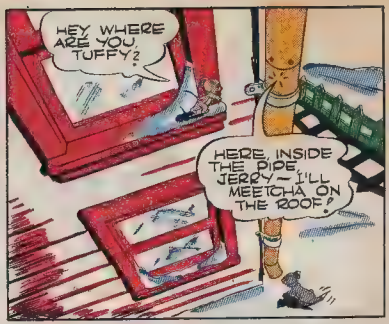
OW!

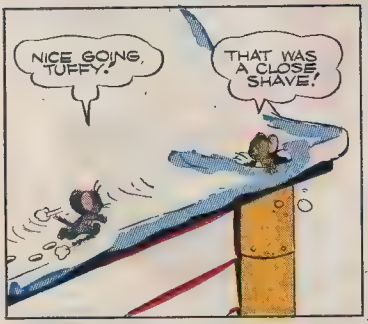
TAKE THAT!

HA, HA, HO, HO, HAW!

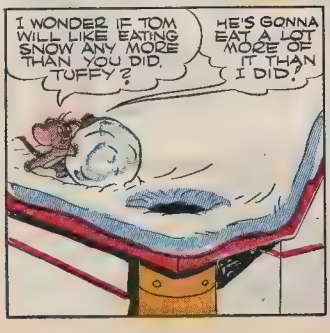

GRR-RR!

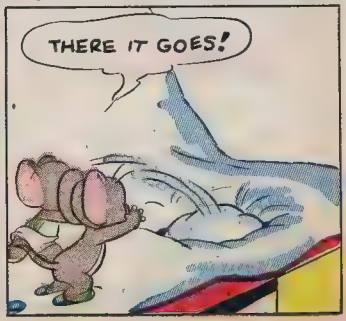


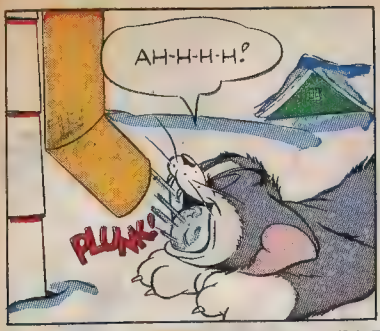

HEY WHERE ARE YOU, TUFFY?
HERE, INSIDE THE PIPE, JERRY — I'LL MEETCHA ON THE ROOF!


NICE GOING, TUFFY!
THAT WAS A CLOSE SHAVE!

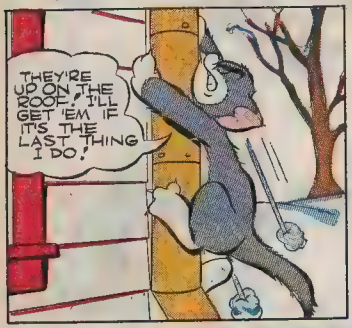
HE CAN'T STAY IN THIS PIPE VERY LONG - I'LL KEEP MY MOUTH OPEN. AN' WHEN HE COMES DOWN, HE'LL JUMP RIGHT INTO IT!


I WONDER IF TOM WILL LIKE EATING SNOW ANY MORE THAN YOU DID, TUFFY?
HE'S GONNA EAT A LOT MORE OF IT THAN I DID!


THERE IT GOES!

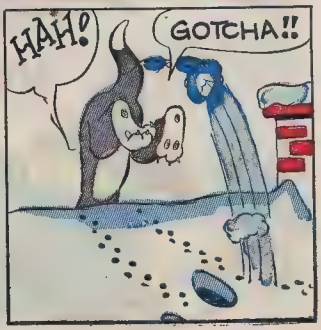

AH-H-H-H!
PLUNK!

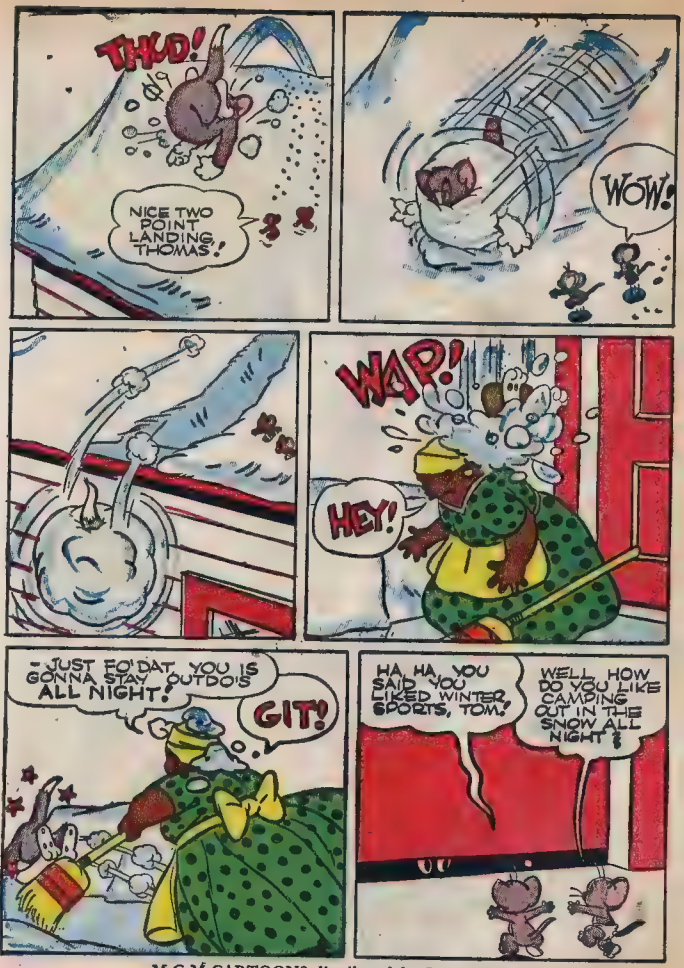
UGH!
I'VE ~ UGH! SWALLOWED A ~ UGH! SNOWBALL!!


THEY'RE UP ON THE ROOF! I'LL GET 'EM IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!

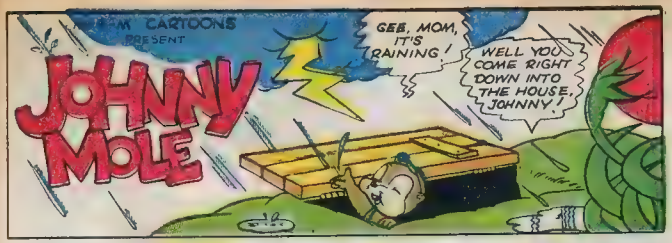
HERE HE COMES!!
RUN!!

YAAA-AAA!

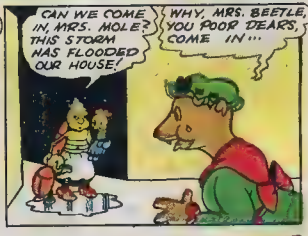

HAH!
GOTCHA!!

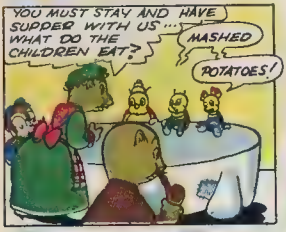


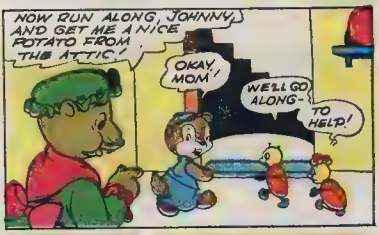
M-G-M CARTOONS distributed by Loew's Incorporated


M-M CARTOONS
PRESENT
JOHNNY MOLE
GEE, MOM, IT'S RAINING!
WELL YOU COME RIGHT DOWN INTO THE HOUSE, JOHNNY!

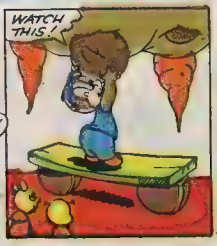
IT SURE IS NICE TO STAY HOME ON A DAY LIKE THIS!
I THINK THERE'S SOMEBODY AT THE DOOR, MOM!
KNOCK! KNOCK!

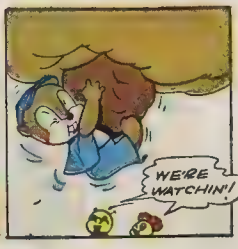

CAN WE COME IN, MRS. MOLE? THIS STORM HAS FLOODED OUR HOUSE!
WHY, MRS. BEETLE, YOU POOR DEARS, COME IN...


YOU MUST STAY AND HAVE SUPPER WITH US... WHAT DO THE CHILDREN EAT?
MASHED POTATOES!

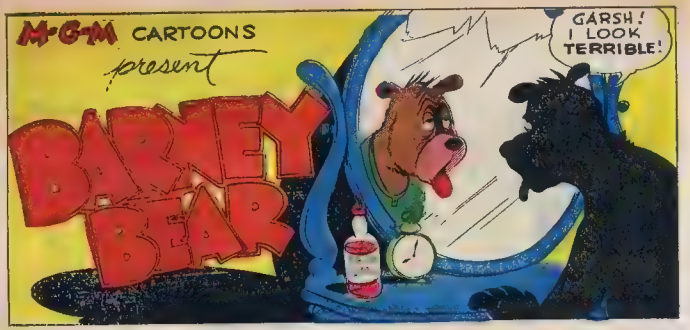

NOW RUN ALONG, JOHNNY, AND GET ME A NICE POTATO FROM THE ATTIC!
OKAY, MOM!
WE'LL GO ALONG-
TO HELP!

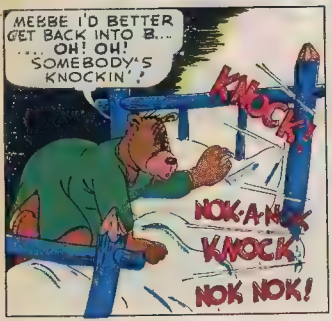
PUFF! PUFF! AM I GOING TOO FAST FOR YOU KIDS?
NO... JUST RIGHT!

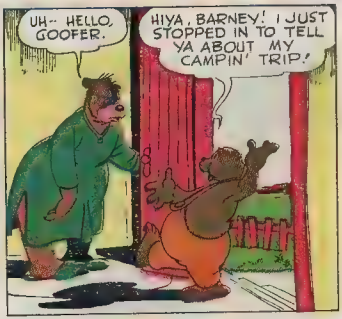

WATCH THIS!

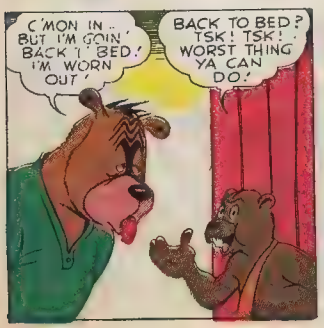

WE'RE WATCHIN'!

M-G-M CARTOONS distributed by Loew's Incorporated

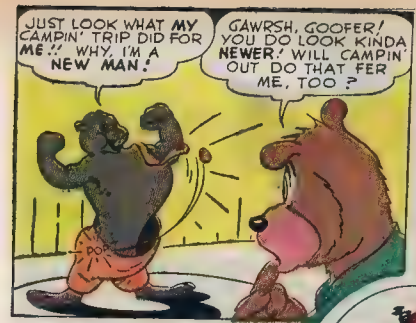

M-G-M CARTOONS
present
BARNEY BEAR
GARSH! I LOOK TERRIBLE!


MEBBE I'D BETTER GET BACK INTO B... .... OH! OH! SOMEBODY'S KNOCKIN'!
KNOCK!
NOK-A-NOK
KNOCK
NOK NOK!

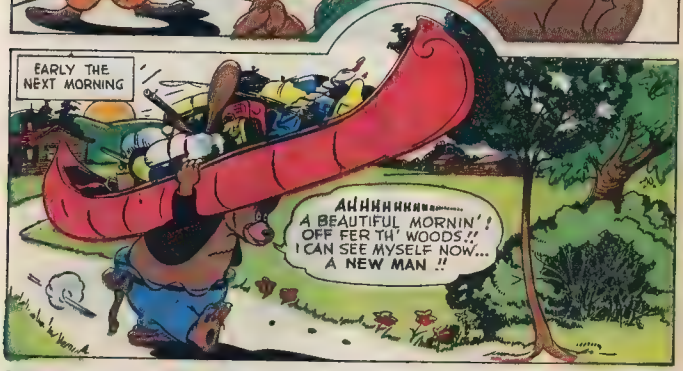

UH-- HELLO, GOOFER.
HIYA, BARNEY! I JUST STOPPED IN TO TELL YA ABOUT MY CAMPIN' TRIP!


C'MON IN.. BUT I'M GOIN' BACK T' BED! I'M WORN OUT!
BACK TO BED? TSK! TSK! WORST THING YA CAN DO!

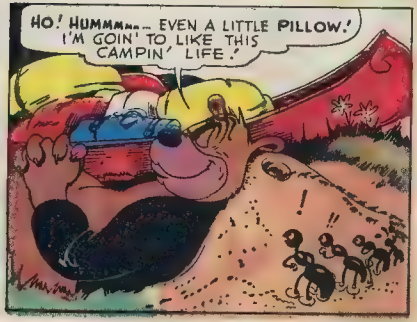
WORST THING NOTHIN'! I NEED SLEEP!!!
WHAT YOU NEED IS FRESH AIR AN' SUNSHINE... THE OPEN ROAD..... THE SKY FOR YOUR ROOF! AHHHHH! THAT'S TH' LIFE!


JUST LOOK WHAT MY CAMPIN' TRIP DID FOR ME!! WHY, I'M A NEW MAN!
GAWRSH, GOOFER! YOU DO LOOK KINDA NEWER! WILL CAMPIN' OUT DO THAT FER ME, TOO?

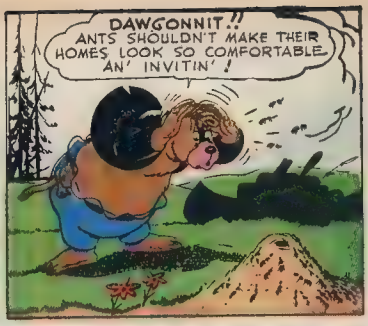
OF COURSE IT WILL!! WE'LL GO DOWN AN' GET YOUR CAMPIN' STUFF NOW! YOU'LL BE A DIFFERENT PERSON IN NO TIME!

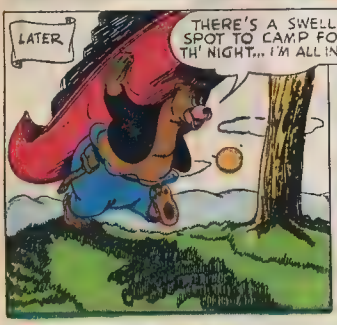

EARLY THE NEXT MORNING
AHHHHHHHHHHH... A BEAUTIFUL MORNIN'! OFF FER TH' WOODS!! I CAN SEE MYSELF NOW... A NEW MAN!!

WHEW!! GUESS I'LL REST A WHILE!

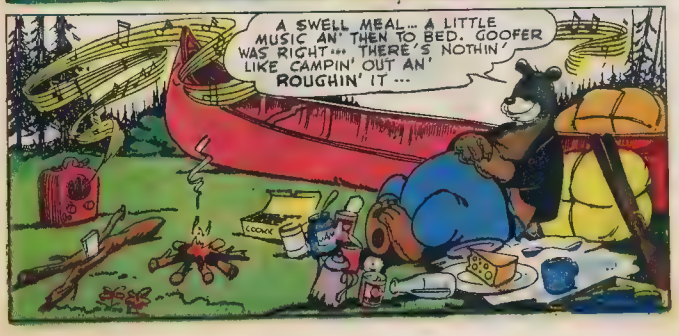

HO! HUMMMM... EVEN A LITTLE PILLOW! I'M GOIN' TO LIKE THIS CAMPIN' LIFE!

EEYOW!
ANTS!!


DAWGONNIT!! ANTS SHOULDN'T MAKE THEIR HOMES LOOK SO COMFORTABLE AN' INVITIN'!


LATER
THERE'S A SWELL SPOT TO CAMP FOR TH' NIGHT... I'M ALL IN.'

NOW FER SOME SUPPER.. BOY,' AM I HUNGRY.'


A SWELL MEAL... A LITTLE MUSIC AN' THEN TO BED. GOOFER WAS RIGHT... THERE'S NOTHIN' LIKE CAMPIN' OUT AN' ROUGHIN' IT...
COOKIE

NOW FOR A NICE LONG SNOOZE!
HEY!!
GET OUTA THERE!!

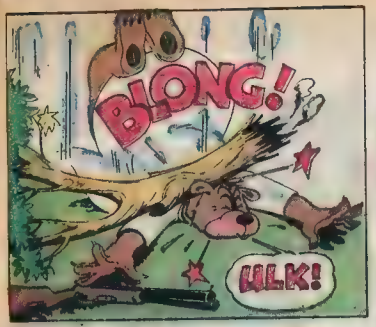
TRY TO STEAL MY FOOD, WILL YA.!" TAKE THAT.!
SWISH

I'LL HIDE BEHIND A TREE.... AN' IF THEY COME BACK I'LL REALLY SCARE 'EM.!

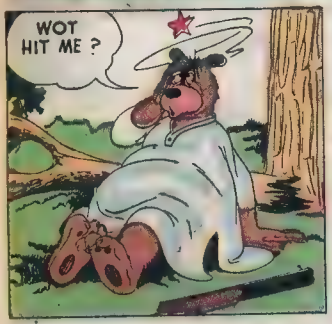
THEY'RE BACK.! THIS'LL TEACH 'EM.!

BLAM!

THEY'RE GONE FOR GOOD.! GETTIN' RID O' THEM WAS EASY AS FALLIN' OFF A LOG!

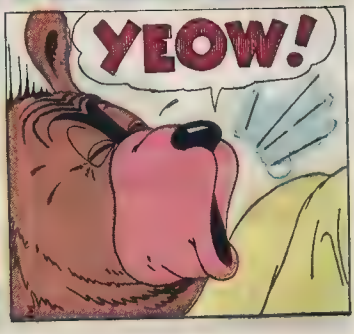

BLONG!
ULK!

J.D.M.
STAG
LAPS


WOT HIT ME ?

THEY CAN HAVE IT IF THEY WANT IT THAT BAD!! I'M GOIN' TO BED!

AHHHHHHHHHHHH... BED AT LAST!

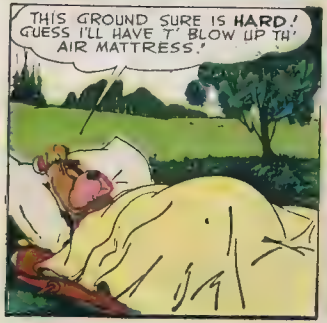

YEOW!

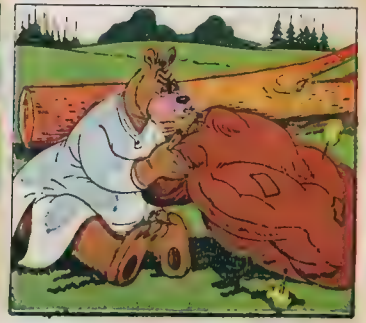
OWWW!

GAWRSH! HE SURE WAS TOUCHY ABOUT ME SLEEPIN' WITH HIM!
OUCH!

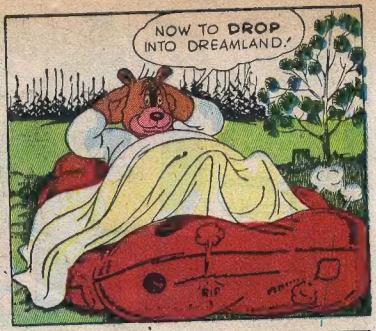
SPOOSH!

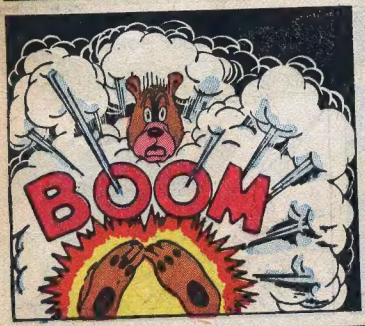
HE'S GONE! NOW MAYBE I CAN GET SOME SHUT-EYE!


THIS GROUND SURE IS HARD! GUESS I'LL HAVE T' BLOW UP TH' AIR MATTRESS!

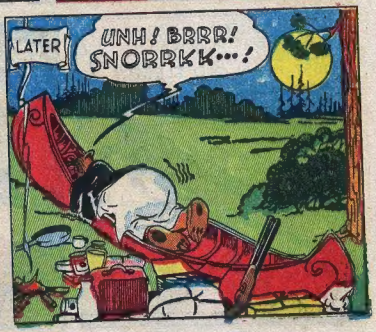


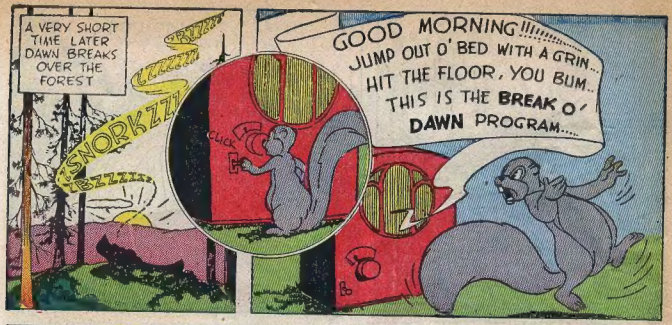
JUST RIGHT... NICE AN' COMFY!

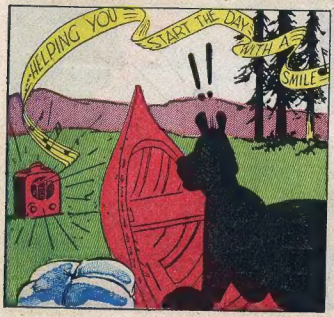

NOW TO DROP INTO DREAMLAND!

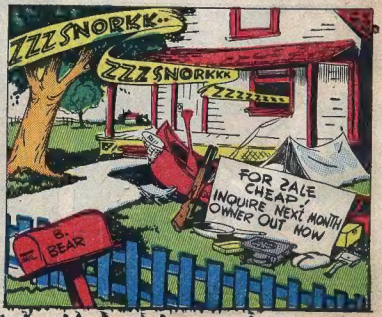

BOOM

BRRR!! IT'S COLD! WOT'LL I USE FER A BED!


LATER
UNH! BRRR! SNORRKK...!







M-G-M CARTOONS distributed by Loew's Incorporated

The Gang's Treasure Hunt

Mickey had called Our Gang together at the Club House for a treasure hunt.

"What sort of treasure are we going to hunt for?" asked Froggie in his deep voice.

"Paper treasure," Mickey stated. "I've got the directions right here in my pocket."

"You mean paper MONEY?" said Janet.

"A trunkful of dollar bills, maybe!" Happy exclaimed.

"Lan' sakes!" gasped Buckwheat. "I hopes we don' hafta go huntin' through some ol' spooky house, wid bats an' skilletons."

"Nope!" declared Mickey. "You're 'way off the track. The treasure I mean is just any old newspapers, magazines, empty cartons, or scrap paper. It's getting awful scarce, and our country needs lots of it to win the war. Old paper makes pulp. Pulp makes things like airplane wing tips, bomb fins, instrument panels, Army ration boxes, and camouflage."

"Jiminy!" said Froggie. "I never knew that. We'd better start hunting old paper right now!"

So that's what they did. They got the goat cart and called at every house in the neighborhood. By afternoon they had enough old paper to fill the Club House.

"Now let's call the Salvage Committee to take it away," said Janet.

"We have to sort it and tie it up in bundles first," Mickey explained, pulling the instruction slip out of his pocket. "Happy, you're the heaviest, so you can flatten out the cartons."

"Janet and I will tie up the magazines," Froggie offered.

"I'll take de newspapers!" volunteered Buckwheat.

"And that leaves the waste paper for me," Mickey stated. "Okay, Gang—let's get started!"

When the salvage truck came, the kids rode back with it to Committee Headquarters. To their great surprise they found the Mayor himself there. And the Mayor thanked Our Gang in public for their huge load of treasured paper scrap.

HOW TO FLY
AVIATOR LUNCH BOX